WE WALKED LIKE *GODS*.

SO ARROGANT. SO SPLENDID. SO CARELESS.

AND LOOK AT WHAT WE'VE *COME* TO.

YES, I KNOW YOU'RE *LISTENING*, CHARLES.

AND YES. I MEAN YOU, *TOO*.

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD WRITE THE *FUTURE*, DIDN'T YOU? YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD THE MAGIC *FORMULA*. THE SECRET RECIPE.

BUT THE FUTURE DOESN'T *HAVE* A FORMULA. IT DOESN'T HAVE A *SCRIPT*.

IT'S ALL *AD LIB*.

ALL DESPERATE *IMPROVISATION* IN FRONT OF A DYING AUDIENCE IN A ROOM WHERE THE *CEILING* IS ABOUT TO FALL IN.

I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT WE GOT WHAT WE *DESERVED*.

FIGHT'S RIGGED.
SURE IT IS. YOU KNOW YOU'RE GOING DOWN.
ONLY QUESTION IS, HOW MANY ROUNDS YOU LAST.
BUT WE DON'T STOP FIGHTING.
NOPE.
WHY IS THAT?
BECAUSE WE DON'T KNOW HOW.